ADAMS SENTINEL.

At $2 per annum, in advance, or $2 50, if not paid within the year.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements, $1 per square for 3 weeks—25 cts. per square for each cont.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—*Washington.*

VOL. IX. GETTYSBURG, PA. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1835. NO. 14.

Gentlemen's Vade Mecum:

OR THE

SPORTING & DRAMATIC COMPAN'N.

On the 3d of January, 1835, was commenced in PHILADELPHIA, a new periodical, bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize DRAMATIC LITERATURE, the TURF, SPORTING, and the FASHIONS. From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the near assimilation of the national appetite with whatever promotes the rational Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal,—possessing, as the projectors of it will, ample means to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them subservient to the formation of a correct taste in all matters relating to its design,—cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from an enlightened community in every quarter of the country. The difficulty of sketching out such a plan as might be fancifully strewed with any of the charms of novelty to ensure it popularity and encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the projectors of this work had to surmount in its inception. Feeling confidently assured, however, that its success is certain, when its character becomes properly known, they have already incurred considerable expense in forming correspondents over the Union; and have also ordered regular supplies of the best selected English periodicals to assist in procuring materials for its columns.

It is not altogether feasible, when a new publication is contemplated, to present in detail to the public its prospective attractions. It is necessary, nevertheless, that its principal features should be drawn out, as it is by them, that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more readily accomplished, the publishers being satisfied that whatever industry and a watchful zeal can effect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or neglectful in the prosecution of this enterprize, and in striving to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA—Will form a material portion of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum.—It is intended to publish alternately, every week, an entire play and farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding all invidious comparisons, and recommended by their brevity, will be regularly inserted—besides Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, and Bon Mots, of prominent Comedians of the present and past ages, of which a rare and inexhaustible compilation is in store.

THE TURF—A faithful record will be kept of all the Running and Trotting matches in this country and England. Biographies and correct Portraits of celebrated thoroughbred Horses will be published once a month. Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, will be particularly selected.

SPORTING—Under this caption will be enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excursions, Fishing, Gaming, &c. with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMENS' FASHIONS—A quarterly review will be procured, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes worn in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it will be rendered an easy task for drapers and tailors at a distance, to suit their customers with the most approved colors and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible periods. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full length engraving, illustrative of the same, will also be prepared and published.

MISCELLANY—Although the purposes of our sheet may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects which have been stated—we deem it proper to say, that there will be, in addition to these, a considerable space allowed for Miscellaneous matters—such as Tales—Poetry—an Epitome of News—List of Hotels in this city, and Places of Amusement—Statistics—the Grain Market—Agriculture—Prices of Stocks—List of Broken Banks—Counterfeit Note Detector—also The American Songster, being a selection of the most popular airs, set to music—and all other matters, regarding which an interest may be supposed to exist at home or abroad.

This work, then, as will be seen by the above explanation of its probable character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf, the Drama, Sporting, the Fashions, &c. &c. It will prove, also—as all its publication of facts will be authentic; a ready Record of Reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notice, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty-two popular Plays and Farces—the price of which, separately, at any of our book stores, would be at least THIRTEEN DOLLARS! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library—to be had for an unprecedented small sum!—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge!. Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress, will find this an invaluable guide.

THE GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM, &c. will be published every Saturday, on fine imperial paper, of the largest class, at three dollars per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

By enclosing a FIVE DOLLAR NOTE to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered, for one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names immediately—the terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address SMITH & ALEXANDER, ATHENIAN BUILDINGS, FRANKLIN PLACE, PHILADELPHIA.

Jan. 26. 3t

LIQUID OPODELDOC—Prepared and constantly kept for sale at the Drug Store of Z. DANNER.

May 26. tf

POETRY.

THE FARMER.

O! happy he, happiest of mortal men,
Who, far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown—nor cringing wants to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod;
Where the lac'd beggar hustles for the bribe,
The purchase of his honor: where Deceit,
And Fraud, & circumvention, drest in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the mask
Of Friendship and Sincerity, betray
Him:—nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or Sculpture, yield to charm the eye,
Nor shining heaps of massy plate enwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted not with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping Avarice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise,
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills & dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves and murmuring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits to meditate on God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN MACTAGGART.

A HIGHLAND STORY.

About ninety years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre or Argyleshire; one of them a corn farm upon the coast, and the other a sheep farm upon the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day, in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in. The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day and passing without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed like to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill farm, to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off 2 hours before night, mounted on his favorite grey mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, covered beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and raising the head of the unfortunate woman from the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive.—"Leave me, however," she said in Gaelic, "to the fate which I provoked—for to me death is better than life." John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable, for a few moments, to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance, seemed in vain, for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow.—To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time, in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand, that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised.—John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhu* (an unclasped knife then worn by every highlander) he cut the throat of his highly valued mare, took out the entrails, and, in the hollow of the warm carcass, deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripped off his upper coat, which, as remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady, and, having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance or himself perish in the attempt, he sat off towards his hill farm, with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour.

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket and John himself, boldly faced the storm, and after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart, his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle and protected both from the wind and snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart—as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him, that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance, a hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the appreciation of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by the shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter & wrapped her carefully up in the blankets. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately put in bed and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

—Not long after her arrival, she was delivered of a female child, and notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances, which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; & as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct enquiries about it. They soon learned, what indeed the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a WIFE; but her superior manners, and the mystery she assumed, deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and after a twelve month's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull.

Before this time, John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish in as far as several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbors. His heart indeed was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned.

The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclusion was as remarkable, in one respect, as its commencement, and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of——in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of——learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and when a rumor to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it.—The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character, that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father, every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length confounded with the great distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty of her parent, she left her home and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being secured in the manner already related, at once from death and despair, she contrived, while living under the roof of her deliverer, to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart, in the meantime died, leaving his sons to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbance. The youth accordingly returned home, and, as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Mactaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society, than from natural feeling. Though grateful & affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Just therefore, that to inform Mactaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgement of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved. Every idea of a pecuniary remuneration for his kindness was precluded by the comfortable circumstances in which he seemed to live.

John, however, was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure, in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had much diminished by the provision he was required to make for his children; his own restlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis, his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same object as had been once entertained by Flora Maclean, namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money; but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth, without assistance from strangers—an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was exhausted. "I once," he thought to himself, "saved a fellow creature from dying in the snow, it seems now likely that such will be my own fate. He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire, pondering upon fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man's eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before. "Ah," said Mactaggart, in his native language, "I have seen you and her before; it was on a white day that I saw you first, but alas, the blackest day to me I ever knew." The lady was Flora Maclean. Overcome by her feelings, she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Mactaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, and never took a meal any where, but at the same table with Allen Stewart and Flora Maclean.

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

How is it possible to conceive that a woman can be an atheist? What shall prop up this reed if religion does not sustain her? The feebliest being in nature even on the eve of death, or loss of her charms; who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman should be pious.

Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother, and to charms of this kind infidelity is a moral foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment—who never discloses more than half of her graces and of her thoughts, whom heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity! Whom doth she think to please by an effort, alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope by adding her petty and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinosa, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius? Without doubt [illegible] sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties, she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches—Time arrives, leading age by the hand.—The spectre, with icy hair and silver hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female atheist! she perceives him and shrieks aloud.—Who shall hear her voice? Her husband?—She has none long has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Reared by an impious education, and by maternal example, they conceive of themselves not a bout their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste;—her virtues have left no trace behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have religion. Unavailing regret! When the atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God, but it is too late; the mind, burdened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy, she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

FATALISM.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

Moreau de St. Mery, a French exile, who kept a Book-Store in Philadelphia, was a decided believer in destiny. He observed, in a conversation which I held with him on this subject, that one man might fall out of a three story window and be slightly, if at all hurt,—while another, in crossing a gutter, or coming down stairs would fall down and break a leg or arm. In proof of his doctrine, he mentioned many of his own remarkable escapes, of which I remember but two: On one occasion, he had been condemned, and was on his way to the guillotine, when one of the Guarde National,—(a journeyman printer, to whom Moreau had done some kindness,)—took hold of him, and asked, "What do you do here?"—crying aloud at the same time, "This man is a good citizen,—I know him well." Seizing him by the arm, he dragged him from among the crowd of victims, at a moment when he appeared to be on the verge of eternity.

At another time, he was at Brest, waiting for a wind to sail for this country, having become highly obnoxious to the ruling powers. It had blowed for several days due west. At length it veered about, and blew favorable for his voyage. The captain, resolved to profit by it, sent a bellman through the city to summon the passengers to come aboard without delay. St. Mery was seated at table, eating his dinner, but rose from his seat when he heard the bell, although he had but half finished his meal. The ship got immediately under way.—She had not been out more than an hour, when a mandat arrived from Paris to arrest Moreau, and bring him to that city for trial, at a time when trial and condemnation were nearly synonymous: A vessel was sent in pursuit, but was unable to overtake him. Thus his life hung by the thread of an hour's duration of the wind in a favorable quarter.

RICHES.

It is a strange delusion for man to suppose, that happiness consists in riches.—Contentment is not to be found in splendor and magnificence; or why is it that princes have sometimes exchanged the grandeur of a palace for the more simple enjoyments of private life? Why is the countenance of the rich man furrowed with thought and anxiety, while the poor go on their way shouting and exulting in the blessings which God hath given them?—Why does the man who has grown in wealth, look back to the days of his poverty, and ask himself why he cannot now rejoice as heartily over the *much* as he did over the *little?*

THE WIDOW'S SOLILOQUY.

"What!" said she, "because I have been married once, shall I refuse to marry again? Shall I not take a second husband, because I have lost a first? That would be a reflection upon the married life. Nay, it would be a sort of slandering, as it were, of my first husband, good man! It would be as much as to say he did'nt make me happy. And I'll never say that for him though he is dead and gone. I loved him so well and enjoyed his dear society so much, that I never can be satisfied till I get another. And the sooner I get me a second, the more I shall show affection for the first. The world may say what it pleases; but I am sure that the best evidence that any person can give, whether man or woman, that they loved their first partner dearly, is, to take a second as soon as possible after the first is dead."

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

One of the ladies, to whom I had the pleasure of being presented during my stay at Ems, was the Countess of d'H——. The father of this lady was one of the many conspirators against the life of Napoleon; he was arrested and condemned to death. Before the day fixed for his execution, his wife, a high-born German lady, obtained admission to the Emperor, and besought her husband's pardon, in that tone of deep and true feeling, which generally finds an answering chord to vibrate with it in the hearts of others. Napoleon was vexed—distressed—doubting—and deeply touched. The trembling wife stood before him, waiting a double doom. "Madame," he said at length, "while such proof as I have here," (drawing a paper from a bundle that lay on the table,) "while such proof as I have here exists, I cannot pardon your husband." As he spoke, he placed in her hand a paper, in which the crime was as surely acknowledged under the signature of the accused. She clasped the scroll firmly, and fixing her eyes on those of Napoleon, read something, even as he turned them from her, which gave her strength to rush towards the hearth; and, in an instant, the record had blazed and perished. The happy, but trembling woman, once more sought the eyes of the Emperor, but in vain; one hand hid them from her view, and the other waved her from him. The sentence against her husband was revised; and proof of his guilt being imperfect, the doom of death was changed to that of banishment.

Anecdote—a fact.—A young man was seen to enter a church in time of service—he paused at the entrance—the congregation stared—he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced a slow march up the broad isle—not a pew was opened—the audience were too busy for civility—he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping, as if to Scotia Castle, or the dead march in Saul, and disappeared. A few moments after, he re-entered with a huge block upon his shoulders, as heavy as he could well stagger under; his countenance was immoveable—again the good people started, and half rose from their seats, with their books in their hands. At length he placed the block in the very centre of the principal passage, and seated himself upon it. Then, for the first time, the reproach was felt! Every pew door in the house was instantly flung open! But no—the stranger was a gentleman—he came not there for disturbance—he moved not—smiled not; but preserved the utmost decorum until the service was concluded, when he deliberately shouldered his block, and to the same slow step, bore it off, and replaced it where he had found it.—The congregation is now the most attentive and polite to strangers of any in America. *Baltimore paper.*

A Discovery!—The world has been puzzled for a long time to ascertain why a man, when he is engaged in difficult thinking, *scratches his head.*—The New York Mercantile explains the whole matter, most logically—most conclusively:

Phrenological.—Tom Hood, in his novel of Tylney Hall, says that phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact, that when a man is puzzled, he *scratches his head.*

The explanation is very simple upon phrenological principles—"when a man is puzzled, he is in intense thought, and his brains in an unusual state of activity, consequently an unusual large quantity of blood is sent into the head, which produces an uncommon feeling in some instances, of fulness, in others, of irritation on the surface. In the former case, the forehead is generally grasped and pressed by the hand, in the latter, the person *scratches his head.*"

Test of Inebriety.—It used to be considered a decided case, when a person was so far gone that he "could not see a hole through a ladder." But we think the test applied by Col. Crockett to certain celebrators of the "Extinction party" at Washington still more decisive. The *Spy in Washington*, in a letter dated the 9th inst. speaking of the celebration of the 8th, says the havoc among tumblers glasses, bottles, &c. is said to have been unprecedented in the annals of Washington celebrations: and adds: "About 3 o'clock to-day, I met the Tennessee *Nimrod.* I made some inquiry of him respecting the convivial scenes of the last night. I give you his brief description, "I met," said he, "four of the party going home. *Of the four there was not one who could have hit the ground with his hat, at three trials.*"—*Balt. Pat.*

JACKSONVILLE (E. F.) JAN. 8.

Seminole Indians.—We stated in our papers last week that this tribe would probably submit to the U. States authorities, and be removed beyond the Mississippi river, without any resistance.—From a gentleman who has since returned from Fort King, we learn that, on the 27th December, about 250 of the tribe met and held a talk. About one half were for emigrating peaceably, and the residue were disposed to shew fight. One of the Chiefs said, he had on hand 150 kegs of good powder, and that he never would consent to go until that was [illegible] The [illegible] were generally armed with rifles. Much apprehension was felt by some of the white settlers, that serious mischief would occur before the tribe were removed. Eight or ten families constantly lodge in one house, and are armed to meet emergencies. One house has been recently robbed of furniture, beds, &c.—*Courier.*